

Daugh. As ever you heard, but say nothing.

1. *Fr.* No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Duke dome to
Ile warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost

Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. *Fr.* Do's she know him?

1. *Fr.* No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your
Whistle Master?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere,

Daugh. What ken'ft thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it master: take about : *Singes.*
When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must
And bleed to death for my sake else, Ile choofe, *(open*
And end their strife: Two such yong hanfom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if wi
With all her best endowments, all tho
She sowes into the birthes of noble bo
Were here a mortall woman, and had
The coy denials of yong Maydes, yet
She would run mad for this man: wha
Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sw
Has this yong Prince? Here Love him
Iust such another wanton *Ganimed*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the
Snatch up the goddly Boy, and set him
A shining constellation: What a brow
Of what a spacious Majesty he carries
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but f
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fa
Me thinks from hence, as from a Prom
Pointed in heaven, should clap their w
To all the under world, the Loves, and
Of gods, and such men neere'em. *Pal*
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull
Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye a
As if he had lost his mother; a still
No stirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a f
Yet these that we count errors may
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heav
Oh who can finde the bent of woman
I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,
I have no choice, and I have ly'd sole
That women ought to beate me. On n
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou a
And only beutifull, and these the eyes
These the bright lamps of beauty, tha
And threaten Love, and what yong M
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
Has this browne manly face? O Lo
From this howre is Complexion: Ly
Thou art a changling to him, a meere